

Good ^{\$77} Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' Shop Talk

OF the late Lieut. John Henry Palmer, R.N., Head Master Commander H. Hindman, M.B.E., R.N., writes:—

Many generations of pupils, several now distinguished officers of the Royal Navy, will mourn the death of Mr. Palmer. I say "Mister" Palmer, because no one ever knew him by any other name. He was a Navy schoolmaster first and foremost and always, and his career of 40 years' Naval service in itself would trace the history of that branch from well back into last century.

Mr. Palmer died at Reading in his 87th year.

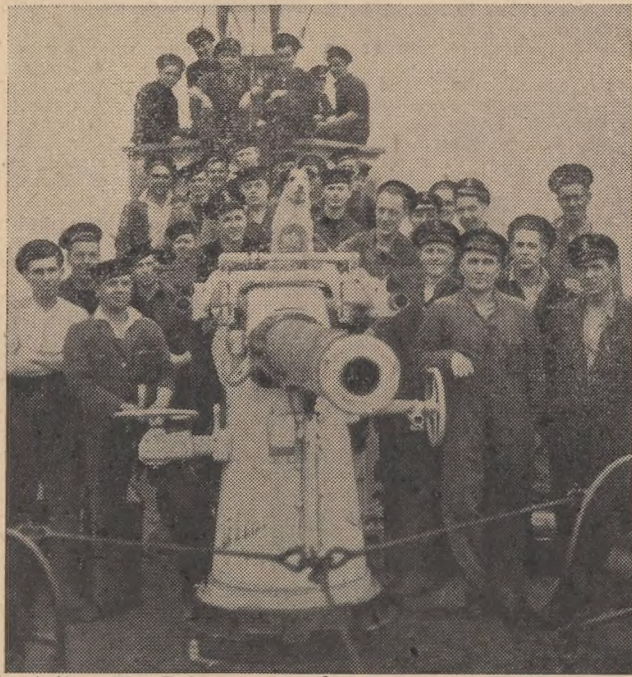
His connection with H.M.S. Excellent dates from the time when the Gunnery School was actually afloat. At an early age he went to the Royal Hospital School. As an Upper Nautical Boy at Greenwich young Palmer was selected to become a Naval pupil teacher.

Following this by a short period of teaching experience in a boy's training ship he returned to Greenwich to sit for his Board of Education Teacher's Certificate. This passed, it was granted to him after a further 12 months' practical teaching as was the rule in those days. His qualifications and outstanding ability as a teacher soon marked him out for special notice and he was soon selected for Gunnery School work in connection with the training of gunnery instructors and candidates for the rank of gunner (W.O.).

At the early age of 22 he was made an honorary Warrant Officer. On July 1, 1889, he was given full Warrant Rank and this was followed by promotion to Chief Warrant Rank on April 3, 1907.

IT was in the eighties that Mr. Palmer first saw that the Gunners needed a text book of practical logarithms and trigonometry, so he set about compiling one that would meet their requirements. The first edition was published in 1888. In 1903, Mr. Palmer revised his book, which had done so well during nearly 20 years, and a second edition was brought out. Further editions followed as the publishers demanded, but no great change was made after 1908 in the design of the book. "Rank is but a guinea stamp," so I have not said very much

They've found
the Secret
of Old Age—
Here it is
says
Daniel Quare



Crew of "Seadog"

about it. Mr. Palmer was a Naval Schoolmaster, and except for changing his relative official title from time to time until he became Chief Schoolmaster in 1907, he never considered himself anything but a Naval Schoolmaster.

Actually his relative rank on entry was only chief petty officer, but, although far from sitting still with whatever rank he held, he threw in his lot with all officers of warrant rank for improved conditions and better promotion prospects.

As is the case with many pioneers, the benefits that they seek come to their successors rather than to themselves.

A LETTER from H.M. Submarine "Seadog," requests some poker dice. They are on the way, sir. Hope you have fun.

Incidentally, Al Male thanks you for your comments—he agrees.

By the way, did you forgive

me for opening the letter in your presence in "Ambrose" Ward Room? Here's to the next time.

GLAD to be of assistance, Leading Stoker Frank List. Your home address should be visited by our local correspondent any day now, so keep your chin up, sailor—home news is coming up.

I appreciate the difficulty your wife must have in getting films; we find photographic materials hard to come by now, even with permits and quotas and things. Anyway, everything will be done to secure the pictures for you. Of course, fifteen-month-old David won't be forgotten.

Ron Richards

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST By THOMAS À. KEMPIS

THE further a person progresses spiritually, the greater the burdens he may have to bear, because the pain and the flesh are put under of his banishment increases in proportion to his love.

Yet this man, though afflicted, is not without much comfort for his ease, for he is sensible of the great profit which he reaps by bearing his cross.

It is a fact that the more the flesh is brought down by hardships, the more the spirit is strengthened by inward grace.

This is not the work of man, but the grace of Christ, which can and does effect such great things in the weak flesh.

It is by no means man's natural inclination to bear the cross, to chastise the body, to be willing to suffer reproaches, to bear all adversities and losses, and to desire no prosperity in this world.

If you look to yourself you can do nothing of this of yourself.

But when you confide in the Lord, strength is given you from Heaven, and the world and the flesh are put under your dominion.

You will have no fear of your enemy if you are armed with faith and signed with the cross of Christ.

Set thyself, then, like a good, faithful servant to bear manfully that cross upon which your Lord was crucified for love of thee.

When you arrive thus far that tribulation becomes sweet and savoury, then know that it is well with thee, for thou hast found a paradise upon earth.

Nothing is more acceptable to God, nothing more wholesome for thee in this world, than to suffer willingly for Christ.

Let this be the final conclusion, that only through many tribulations can we enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

DON'T DRY UP— LIVE FOR EVER

LET'S forget for a moment all about the war and sudden death and think about those men and women who are in the evening of life—and enjoying every moment of it. Well, it's not such a bad world to be old in.

What are your chances of living to a ripe old age?

Despite the risks of war, despite the greater pace of living, despite all the dangers brought by mechanised things of life, people are living older. The "expectation of life," as doctors love to call it, has shot up like a larch tree.

A hundred years ago a newborn infant might reasonably look to live 40.41 years, if a boy; 42.35 years if a girl. Today the span has gone up by nearly a half! The "expectation" to-day is 61.74 for boys, and 62.88 for girls.

These are only relative and average figures, of course, and they do not imply that about 61 years is the maximum "old age" you can expect. Why, many men are just getting into their prime of life at 61!

At the beginning of this century, more than a third of the people dying after 75 years of age were certified as having died of "old age." By 1936 the proportion had sunk to little more than a tenth.

But it would be wrong to take these figures at their face value. Remember, doctors used to put down "old age" for a lot of nameless things they now recognise as specific diseases.

Year by year the doctors have narrowed down the frontiers of old age as research has shown that symptoms apparently due to mere senility have specific causes quite apart from age.

It used to be thought, for instance, that hardening of the arteries was an essential part of old age. Experts like Sir Humphrey Rolleston put it that: "Arteriosclerosis is so frequent that it has sometimes been regarded as a part, or even the cause, of old age." That is not the view held now.

Most doctors to-day believe that it is a symptom of some form of infection, or of some poison in the body, or even the effect of excessive blood-pressure. Occasionally, even very

old people are free from arteriosclerosis.

So the old phrase, "A man is as old as his arteries," must give way, in Harley street opinion, to "A man's arteries are the index, not of his age, but of his adventures!"

The one big secret that doctors now know about old age is the process of the slow drying-up of the body, which in the end makes it impossible for the cells to work.

Prof. Hogben has said that "all living matter, from the jelly-fish to the Archbishop of Canterbury, is about 60 per cent. water." Pointed, but not meant to be exact. In fact, a child at birth is about 70 per cent. water, and an adult 58 per cent. We dry up slowly through our lives. Our organs become lighter.

The brain of a man at 80 is generally three ounces lighter than when he was a "briny" young man of 20. The lungs become smaller and lighter.

Women dry up proportionately more than men. A woman's brain dries up about four ounces in 60 years.

Even the bones dry up and suffer rarefaction, and the cavities in which the marrow lies become larger.

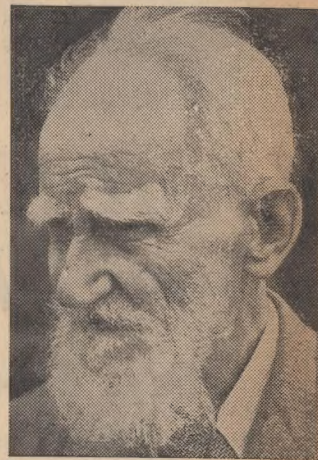
This drying-up process, however, has no bearing on the amount of moisture you absorb by mouth during your lifetime! You may get sclerosis of the liver if you drink too much alcohol, but it certainly won't pickle you nicely for a ripe old age!

One of the few organs which do not atrophy, or dry up, is the heart. Perhaps that is why so many people die of a tired heart.

It has taken the war to prove that people don't just die of "old age." Many, in fact, used to die of self-pity, or of trivial ailments which, had they been active, they would have thrown off—and have, indeed, successfully thrown off under the hard necessity of working in the war effort.

The rare phenomenon of a Shaw or Oliver Lodge who keeps his creative powers fresh until the last years, or of a Churchill who can outpace men half his age, has been familiar since Homer.

But the spectacle of a nation of obscure old people doing the work of their sons and grandsons—and thriving on it—is a novelty brought in by the war,



Shaw is 88

and has never had to be accounted for before.

Scientists have been having a crack at the mystery. The Nuffield Foundation, in conjunction with the Ministry of Health and the National Council of Social Service, has been probing the mystery of gran'pa.

And the doctors themselves have been astonished when they took gran'pa apart to see what made him tick! They discovered that many a man need not grow old at 50, 60, or even 70. They found that gran'pa need not lose his hair, his teeth, his eyesight, provided he lives a normal healthy life.

They found that boredom, loneliness, frustration, and the sense of not being wanted, figure largely among the psychological reasons for ageing.

Overwork heads the physical reasons—but out of 100 old men, only 19 are likely to die of overwork, while 47 are likely to die as the result of causes attributable to "just having nothing worth living for."

You'll notice that the men well over 70 who are going on fine are the ones who are going on working. Bernard Shaw, Churchill... there are plenty of them.

Don't complain so much about "hardening of the arteries," don't yap about "the world not being a place for old people," don't get in a rut—above all, don't dry up—and just see how old you live!

From Anne to A.B. Frank Evans

IT took us exactly forty minutes to locate your mother, A.B. Frank Evans, after finding your home, No. 3 Harrington Road, Crosby, Liverpool. And in the end we found her at Aunt Lizzie's with your little cousin, Anne Tellitt.

Sister Helen, in the W.A.A.F., was home on a

"sleeping-out" pass that week, and they had all been for a walk round Little Crosby and Moore Lane. Teddy was on holiday at the time we called, and had gone off to Birkenhead to watch the ships.

They received your letter and got your message O.K., about Norman; Teddy got the atlas out, and they found the place you were talking about.

Aunt Lizzie sent her love to you and wished you "All the best," while that saucy little cousin of yours asked you to hurry up home so that she could tease you again.

She was very intent on curling up under the dining-room table, trying to be a monkey most of the time, but she blew you a kiss on her tiny little hands, and consented, after a great deal of persuasion from our most patient photographer, to "watch the dicky-bird" for Frank!



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Ideal Homes— Here They Are

Says Fred Kitchen

JESSE was "ditching" when he came across an outsize in molehills on the bank side.

He dug down to investigate, and found a large cavity, or chamber, in the bank, with galleries leading off in all directions—the home of a mole family.

"It's queer," he mused, "how animals get just the sort of home to suit their needs, while we humans—with all our brainy ideas—can never hit on a suitable lay-out for a house."

The mole, of course, passes practically the whole of his life underground.

His one business in life is making tunnels and more tunnels, and he is easily the most industrious worker of hedgerow and field.

Next to him comes the rabbit. But he is such a poor, senseless animal. His labours are exploited by the fox and badger, who often enlarge a rabbit-hole to accommodate their own families.

The rabbit-burrow, however, is not the home where the young are reared. Usually, the doe scratches a shallow hole in the fallows, or amongst the growing corn, and here her blind, helpless and naked babies are born—well away from the busy rabbit colony.

The nest is made of dried grass, and soft down off her own body.

And, when leaving it, she carefully covers up the entrance with soil to hide it from the wily stoat and weasel, or the crow, who has a great liking for naked new-born rabbits.

The hare has quite different ideas from the rabbit about housing, and makes no home at all worth mentioning.

A hollow scooped out of the fallows is all she needs for either a house or nursery.

Being swifter of foot than any other wild animal, she prefers to "run for it" rather than hide in a burrow.

For that reason Nature has given the baby hare—the leveret—full use of its limbs at birth.

It is ready clothed and has full sight complete, so that it can scamper about and outrun its enemies almost on the day it is born.

The fox and badger—though they often exploit the labour of the poor, helpless rabbit by taking over its burrow—improve the housing to such an extent that it becomes quite a palatial residence.

There is one great difference, however, between the two animals.

While the badger makes a permanent underground residence, the fox seldom uses the "earth" except as a nursery. But what a nursery it is—a larder in one direction, sleeping quarters in another, with galleries leading to "emergency exits" all over the place.

All of which information Jesse—as he slung spades full of oozing sludge from the bottom of the ditch—passed on to his fellow worker. There's little about the housing problems of his little friends that he doesn't know.

Beware of Sparklers

THAT picture you took of the house is all very nice, of course, but why not some interior shots to go with it? One of the living-room, the wife in an arm-chair, family groups round the fire, or at dinner.

There is no need to give a list of possible subjects, for most of us agree that many of our happiest hours are spent in our homes. Such occasions being rare these days, they are more than worthy of record.

Photographing people is probably the most popular of all indoor subjects, but as it is quite an extensive as well as an interesting subject on its own, it will be dealt with separately.

The simplicity of taking snapshots at home is greatly due to the development of high-powered light bulbs and cheap home lighting sets. Bulbs such as the "Photoflood" may be used, either in the standard household adaptor, or in their own special reflector sets. The latter increases their efficiency about three times, and, whilst always preferable, they are most advisable if your lens aperture is F/8 or smaller.

In addition, there is always plenty of scope for the handyman in designing and constructing his own equipment.

There are two things to beware of with this type of lighting. First, watch for harsh shadows. They may usually be softened by means of subsidiary lights or light coloured reflector screens. Also, avoid brilliant reflections. Those shiny objects in the living-room may be reflecting strong light straight into the lens, and this is as fatal as having an unscreened light in front of the camera.

A useful tip may be gathered from the photographer who was commissioned to photograph the Crown Jewels. After

several fruitless attempts to overcome the glare from the brilliant jewels he retired to the cloakroom in disgust.

His request to treat the precious stones with dope had been promptly dismissed, though he was permitted to move the pieces to obtain good grouping.

An idea came to him as he was washing his hands.

He returned, rearranged each piece, and took the photograph successfully. Even the watchful eye of the guard did not notice the piece of soap with



Close-up attachments may be bought for a few shillings for even the cheapest box-camera, and as these studies usually need great depth of focus, the cheaper cameras with apertures of about F/11 are almost on a par with much more expensive models.

One aspect of photographing people will be mentioned here, as it bears only slight relationship to portraiture proper. The rage for silhouettes has long died, but they are still popular novelties, especially when utilised as calendars and simple children's jig-saw puzzles.

They are even easier to make than ordinary photographs. Exposure should be roughly double that of a normal portrait, but considerable variation is permissible. The diagram shows the general arrangement.

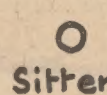
The screen (a sheet is quite suitable) should be evenly illuminated from behind by one or more lights. The subject should not be too close to the screen, or wrinkles and texture will be apparent.

Sheet

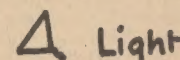
Light



Camera



Sitter



Light

Derek Richards' Photo-Feature

which he dimmed the sparkle of the Royal treasures.

Table-top photography offers unlimited scope for the photographer with imagination. Model trains, ships, toy soldiers, etc., may be built into dramatic and, when desired, realistic sets, with the aid of coke for cliffs, mirrors smeared with glycerine representing lakes, wrinkled brown paper under glass, for sea, clouds of cotton wool, and limitless other effects.

Salmon? They bring long Life to the Haaf-Netters

HOW does the salmon we eat in our hotels and restaurants get to the table?

The salmon served up with mayonnaise sauce is not the fish anglers catch with rod and line in our British rivers. It is a far better salmon, because it is taken in the sea, and is in prime condition after having feasted for months on end on herring, sprat and sand-eel.

The moment it enters fresh water it ceases to feed. It comes into our rivers only to spawn, and from the time of its arrival until the time of leave-taking, in the late spring, it lives on its fat.

Of the various methods of capturing salmon in the sea, none is so hazardous and, many people would say, so dreary or requires more patience and vigilance, or entails longer exposure to every kind of foul weather, than the haaf-netting practised on the English and Scottish sides of the Solway.

A haaf-net, with its 2½ in. mesh from knot to knot, is one strung on a pole 14 feet long. It is four and a half feet in depth. Down the middle of the net is another long pole, and this it is the Solway fishermen dig into the sand, while they rest the other end on their shoulders.

As the tide begins to make, three men, wearing shoulder-high waders, take their station, having first determined by the toss of a coin who shall occupy the outermost position where the water is deepest, and likeliest to hold fish seeking the mouth of the river they are to ascend.

It is the habit of salmon re-

turning after having sojourned at least two years in the ocean to the river in which they were born, to hug the shore as closely as is compatible with safety. But for this habit there would be no fish for the haaf-netters to catch.

From the moment the tide turns to the time of high tide is four and a half hours. This is a long, tedious shift for men to work while struggling all ways to keep their feet in the strong current.

From February 10th, when the season opens, to April 10th, the weather is generally unfavourable. If it is fine the wind is in the north or east, hands and feet are cold, the body is chilled to the marrow; if the sky is overcast, then usually there is rain, snow or sleet.

The period of early spring is torment to even the hardiest of men. Yet, if a living is to be made or an existence eked out, the Solway haaf-net fishermen must remain at their station during the two tides a day, nine hours in all.

And the reward? At best, four or five salmon a day to each net. Fish averaging 15lbs. each, and selling to-day at 3s. 9d. per lb.

Often, however, there may come three or four days together when not a single fish is captured. And, besides, fish that strike the net do not necessarily become captive. Alertness of action of an uncommon order is demanded if the fish entering the net ballooning in the current is to be enmeshed.

Numbed hands may fumble the casting over of the net to

snare the prize. Too violent a lurch to retrieve a mistake may be penalised by the shipping of water inside the waders or on occasion by an overbalancing that may be followed by complete immersion in the sea.

The joyous days are those, of course, where in a season of plenty salmon run numerously and the haaf-net fishermen leave the shore with creels full of fish of from 30lbs. to 9lbs., that the fishmonger is being besieged to sell to his customers.

Let the luck be on their side for a week or two, and their thoughts turn to purchase of new waders, now costing £6 per pair, and of string for the making of new nets. It is a great event when salmon of 40lbs. is caught. Bigger fish up to 52lbs. have now and again fallen to the haaf-netters.

But, all in, it is a precarious livelihood. And, if men had no eye for the sights and sounds of the Firth—the babble of wild geese, the cry of curlew, the hoarse shouting of gull, the roar of the tempest—it would be the most dismal of occupations.

The Solway men love their haaf-netting as the sea-birds love their struggle for existence. And whatever else it may be, it is a health-giving mode of life.

"They say we never die," William Hunter, 84 years of age, an upstanding man, six feet in height, active as a young wrestler, told me.

"Rheumatism? Never! Whoever heard of a salt suffering from rheumatism?"

Sing Up

ANOTHER column of words comes to you—at your request—of the popular songs you hear and hum. This time "A Touch of Texas" and "Do I Worry?" Song sheets of these numbers—both words and music—are being distributed at centres where the musical exponents can make good and noisy use of them.

A TOUCH OF TEXAS.

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co. Words by Frank Loesser; music by Jimmy McHugh.

Headin' for the depot, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye. Headin' for the depot, and here's the reason why.

Got a touch of Texas in my talk,
Got too much of Texas in my talk,
Oh, 'his place will be my ruin,
Ki-yi-yippin' and wa-hoooin'.
Oh, take me back to Noo Yawk!
Got a touch of Texas on my 'hair,
Got too much of Texas on my 'hair,
Yes, the sand from Amarillo
Keeps a-scratchin' on my pillow,
Oh, take me back to Times Square!

For I've seen ev'ry part of
Ev'ry part of what I'm deep in
the heart of.
Got a touch of Texas in my talk,
Got too much of Texas in my walk,
Oh, the sage may be a-bloomin',
But for miles there's nothin' human.
Oh, take me back to Noo Yawk!

Got a touch of Texas on my face,
Got too much of Texas in my face,
Oh, that sunshine in Laredo,
Got it like a ripe tomato,
Oh, take me out of this place!
Got a touch of Texas on my brain,
Got too much of Texas on my brain,
Oh, the brush that's full of rabbits
Got me in these jumpin' habits,
Oh, put me back on the train!
For I've seen ev'ry part of
Just what I'm deep in the heart of.
Got a touch of Texas in my talk,
Got too much of Texas in my walk,
Rode a bronco down in Dallas,
So be careful of my callous,
And take me back to Noo Yawk!

DO I WORRY?

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co. Ltd. Words and music by Stanley Cowan and Bobby Worth.

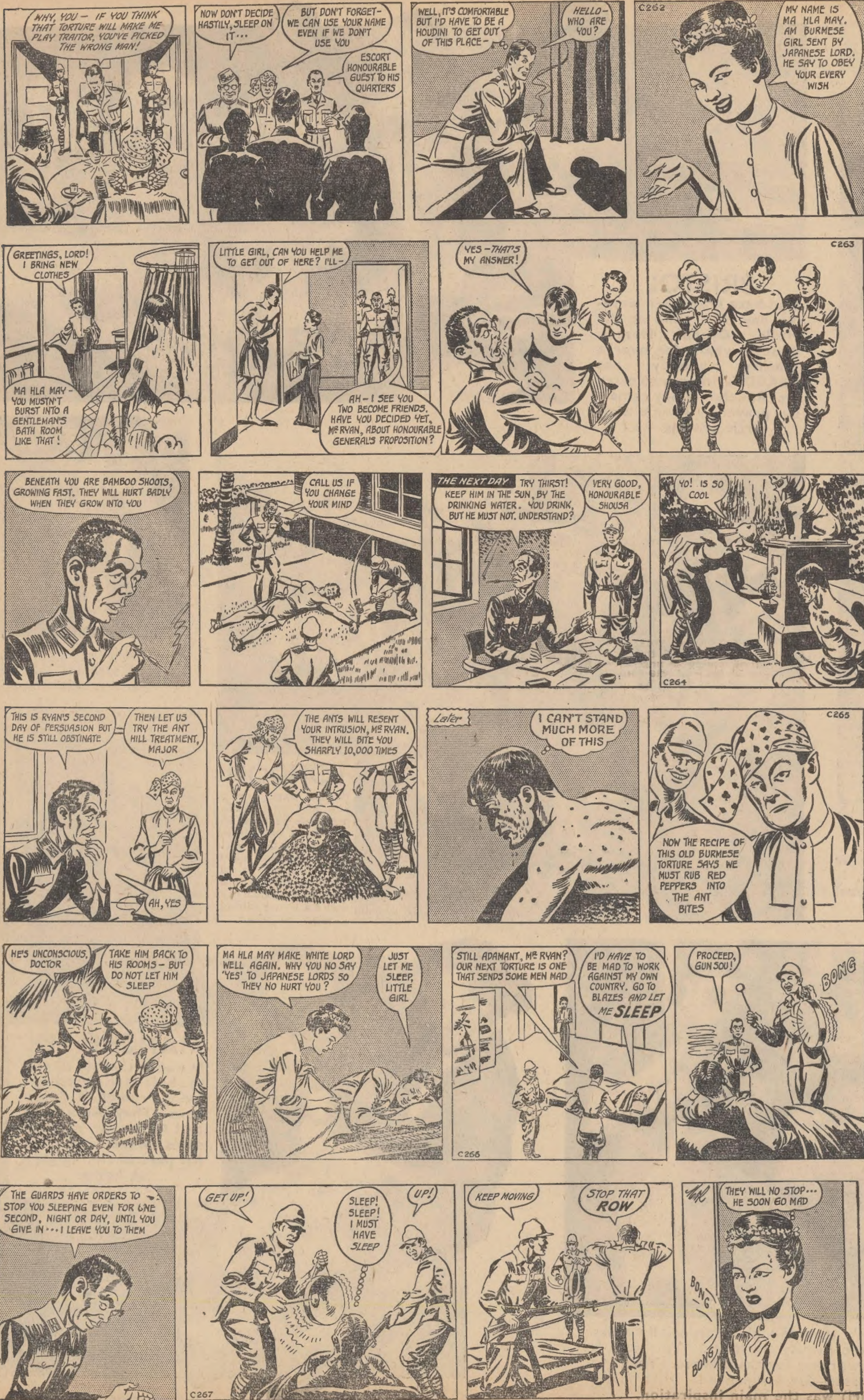
Perhaps you wonder how I feel
About your sudden change;
I thought at last that this was real,
But since you're acting strangely,

Do I worry 'cause you're step-pin' out?
Do I worry 'cause you've got me in doubt?
Tho' your kisses aren't right,
Do I give a bag o' beans?
Do I stay home ev'ry night and read my magazines?
Am I frantic 'cause we've lost the spark?
Is there panic when it starts turning dark,
And when evening shadows creep

Do I worry when your old flame calls?
Do I worry if Niagara falls?
Tho' I know you like to flirt,
Do you think I really care?
Are my feelings really hurt
When you return a stare?
Am I curious when the gossip flies?
Am I furious 'bout your little white lies,
And when all our evenings end
'Cause you've got a sick friend who needs you?
Do I worry? You can bet your darn'd life I do!



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE Petain birthday stamp reproduced recently in this column will probably prove to be the last to bear the Marshal's portrait. I am told that in France collectors are accumulating as many copies as possible against the day when trade with other countries opens up. Few copies reached this country, of course, as their import and sale were prohibited.

From the early days of the Allied invasion, French towns cut off from Vichy suffered from a shortage of postage stamps. It is known that at Algiers the



French National Committee of Liberation printed large quantities of stamps for use in France when the country was liberated. I have not yet seen the designs, but I understand that they bear the familiar symbolic head of Marianne.

To complicate matters, the Allied Military Government have also, I learn, printed their own provisional issue, so it looks as though two separate and distinct sets will go into circulation at the same time.

We shall probably find many war issues in France and other once-occupied countries when hostilities cease of which at present we know nothing. And, on the other hand, we'll have plenty of stuff ourselves, particularly the De Gaulle colonial overprints and provisionals, to attract the collectors of France. The exiled Governments of Poland, Holland, Norway, and other countries, have also made issues of postage stamps for use by their Forces at sea. Somehow, a basis of exchange must be fixed, and I suppose prices will be governed by popular demand for the various sets.

There are four designs and values for this year's charity issue of stamps for the Swiss National Fete, three of which I reproduce here. All are heliogravure printed in three colours.

The lowest value (5 + 5c.) shows the mountain town of Heide, on Lake Constance, a favourite spot with tourists, which boasted a



Casino before the war. It was here that Henri Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross Society, died; and all profits from this issue go to the Red Cross. The 10 + 10c. stamp has a view of St. Jakob a Biss, where in 1444 an army of 40,000 French and Austrian mercenaries were defeated by 2,000 Swiss troops. The 20 + 10c. value depicts the 16th-century ruins of the Castle of Mesocco, and on the 30 + 10c. is the monumental pile of Basle Cathedral.

Latin-American countries have responded readily to an appeal from the Pan-American Union to issue postage stamps in aid of the Red Cross. In the near future we are promised issues from Ecuador, Nicaragua, Peru, Columbia, Chile, and the Dominican Republic. This is praiseworthy of them, though none has ever needed much excuse for printing semi-postals.

It might be asked by the uninitiated, what has the British Post Office done for the Red Cross, but collectors know the answer is, Nothing. We don't issue charity stamps in this country, and though this particular cause is a noble one, I for one am glad no exception is made in our policy.

But philatelists in this country have done a great deal for the Red Cross. They have taken to auction thousands of pounds' worth of their treasures. For one October sale alone they have given stamps valued at over £8,000, and more are still coming in.

While Brazil has as yet made no promise to print Red Cross stamps, it has earned an odd distinction by being the only



nation to issue a stamp commemorating the centenary of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The design incorporates the Y.M.C.A. triangular emblem in blue, red and yellow, and the slogan, "Alma Corpo Menti" (Soul, Body, Mind). Across the top of the stamp are the words "Africa-America-Europe-Asia-Oceania." The face value is .040 cr., and a million copies have been printed.



BEDFORD

She and her friends are spending their holidays in Bedfordshire, picking peas. It is a working holiday at the Agricultural Camp.



BRISTOL

And here is another working day, this time at the Muller Orphan Homes, Bristol, where for over a century nobody has ASKED for money to carry on. But the money came—by prayer. Aren't they worth praying for?



LONDON

If you want a pup you buy one, some pedigree at that, in the street market at Bethnal Green. Prices range from five shillings to as many pounds. These people actually make a living selling pups to folk!



And here is a startled monkey also for sale with a wise-looking pup.



BIRMINGHAM

You can't stop the girls, especially when they want beauty parlours. This one is in Birmingham, started by girl war workers for transferees. They get manicured and have their hair dressed—for twopence! Miss Marie Gaskell (late beauty culture girl) was the main inspiration.



MANCHESTER

In one of the city streets the kids have rigged up a swing round a lamp-post. They use a door-mat for a seat, and that saves wear and tear. All part of the holidays at home.